UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Eternal Christmas

By W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW

The Tiger

By HARRISON BROWN

The Negroes' Adventure for Democracy

By LUTHER MARION FULLER

A European Prison

By FREDERICK HANKINSON

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John Haynes Holmes — Francis Neilson
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIV MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1929 NUMBER 14

CHRISTMAS GREETING

Greeting to the world in the name of the man who of all men has raised manhood to its highest estate!

Greeting to the world in his name who lives in our thought as being representative of what all men ought to be!

Greeting to the world in his name who has revealed to us how we also may live a spiritual life!

Today we rejoice as we remember him. The beauty of his life is to us a divine inspiration. He was human in all points, like as we are, and yet unto him there came the noblest thought to which the mind of man has ever attained. He saw humanity glorified and raised to its highest power through love. He looked into the heart of man and discovered God. With utmost clearness of vision he perceived the truth of the oneness of all souls. In the light of this truth he became the embodiment of the spirit of universal love.

Was there ever or can there ever be a greatness of manhood surpassing his? Was there ever or can there ever be a more complete self-surrender to the service of mankind? Did any man ever more clearly understand than did he the ways and means by which this world of sorrow is to be transformed into a world of beauty? He stands out from the rank and file of the world as a transcendently unique spiritual genius only because of this—that without any thought or care for his own advantage he made himself the instrument of the power of love.

What a Christmas day this would be for mankind, for us now and for the future of the human race, if we could see and understand the truth that it is our privilege to live even as he lived! We, also, are children of that Divine Being who is the Unity of all being. We, also, are to be drawn away from self toward the harmony of all in universal love. We, also, are to give all we are or can become to the world of which we are a part.

Herein is the noblest function of our human nature—that we can lose all thought of self in our devotion to the welfare and progress of mankind. In this consecration to that which is beyond self we are born into the spiritual fellowship of the world. So shall we be made one with him and with one another in the spirit of universal love. AMEN!

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

The time has come for the United States to enter the World Court. In the past we have opposed this entrance because of certain defects in the Court as an instrument of international justice, and because to join it with all its defects upon it would only cripple this country in its own independent and effective work for world peace. The rightness of our position in this matter has now been proved by the success of the United States in securing the enactment of the Briand Kellogg Treaty, and therewith the removal of those very defects which made the Court at once so inadequate and so dangerous an institution. The situation today is completely changed. As President Hoover described it in his message to Congress:

> In January, 1926, the Senate gave its consent to adherence to the Court of International Justice with certain reservations. In September of this year the statute establishing the Court has, by the action of the nations signatory, been amended to meet the Senate's reservations, and to go even beyond those reservations to make clear that the Court is a true international court of justice.

What is really important is not so much the action of the Assembly of the League of Nations last September in meeting and satisfying every objection to the statutes and status of Court as advanced by the Senate in its famous reservations, though this has great political significance as ensuring the favorable action of the Senate this coming year. The vital matter is that the Court is now a body altogether independent of the League, is securely delivered from all sanctions of force in support of its decisions, is clothed with full power to hear and decide cases of dispute, and is thus at last a true international tribunal of justice. No man did more to effect these changes than Mr. S. O. Levinson, the author of the Outlawry of War idea. Himself opposed to the entrance of the United States into the Court in its original form, he saw the necessity of an international court to any successful working out of the Outlawry program, and thus turned to Geneva to remake the existing institution. Following hard upon the work of Elihu Root, Mr. Levinson achieved his end. The way is now open for us to join the Court. Let us not hesitate, or delay!

We know that we have a streak of wickedness in us, for we just whooped with glee when we read Soviet Russia's reply to Secretary Stimson's appeal in the name of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty for peace on the Manchurian frontier. This reply was "pat" to the point of perfection, and a deserved rebuke to the silly attitude of the United States in refusing to recognize the Bolsheviks. Imagine our State Department undertaking to give a lesson in international amenities to a government which it has insulted for years by declaring that it is unfit to live! If Soviet Russia had missed this opportunity to teach the United States a few lessons in international goodwill, it would indeed have been unfit to live. Yet, from the standpoint of the larger aspects of public policy, must the Russian government not be allowed to get away with a diplomatic

victory however clever and to the point! For this government must know that every government signatory to the Briand-Kellogg Treaty is the guardian of the Treaty, and is rightly concerned, therefore, in the high business of keeping the peace. Russia's action in China has been reprehensible, in our opinion, on at least two counts. In the first place, Russia has pressed imperialistic claims upon China in the hour when the latter was most in need of help and sympathy from other nations. It is true that China offered provocation, but it is also true that Russia has repudiated all such imperialist policies as those involved in the Chinese-Eastern Railroad, and hence should have been eager to understand and to forgive. In the second place, Russia was the first to sign the Briand-Kellogg Treaty, and should have been the last to break or even jeopardize its covenant of peace. The way was wide open to a settlement of the Chinese dispute, through channels of diplomacy and arbitration, wholly in Russia's favor as the injured party. All the more regrettable, therefore, was Russia's action in pressing the issue by force of arms. The Soviets scored a beautiful point against America, but it was also a superficial point. The issue here was peace, and the public opinion of the world rightly spoke up when it was threatened.

From the standpoint of the larger aspects of the situation, Secretary Stimson is to be congratulated rather than condemned for his intervention in the Manchurian dispute in the name and on behalf of the Peace Pact. That the United States has no relations with Russia is the fault not of Mr. Stimson but of his predecessors in the timid days of "cautious Cal," and this will be corrected in due course, we venture to prophecy, in the period of the present administration. It was in defiance of this fact that the Secretary of State, with a fine scorn of irrelevancies and a clear-sighted recognition of realities, appealed to the squabbling nations in the East, and bade them be at peace. In this action, Mr. Stimson made a superb gesture in vindication of the Kellogg Treaty, and showed thereby once for all what place and power this Treaty holds in the future of mankind. In this document is humanity's covenant of peace. Around this lifted standard can be rallied at any time the peoples of the world. In its support and defence can be mobilized by true leadership that public opinion which in the last analysis is the true and only instrument for the ending of war upon the earth. As long as the sanctions of peace are found in arms, or superior military force, or economic blockades, or punishments and reprisals, we have war, whether we call it such or not. For peace there can be only one sanction, the will of humankind. It is because the Briand-Kellogg Treaty relies upon this will, and provides in its terms of agreement the ways and means for its operation, that its enactment marks in very truth a new era in human history. As it fell to Secretary Kellogg's happy lot to write and sign this Treaty, so it has fallen to Secretary Stimson's lot to vindicate and enforce it. Whether or not his action succeeded in this crisis, the action itself was momentous. That it succeded so well, under unfavorable diplomatic conditions, is impressive evidence of the Treaty's effectiveness.

It is curious how one can know in advance, in the settlement in the Senate of any question involving direct moral issues, just how the Senators will vote. Take the Vare case, for example! It was not necessary to wait for the newspapers to arrive in order to learn how the members of the upper house of Congress had lined up on this question. It was certain, was it not, that men like Borah, Norris, Blaine, Brookhart, Nye, LaFollette, Johnson would be opposed to the corruptionist from Pennsylvania, just as it was certain that men like Bingham, Smoot, Reed, Gillett, Hale, would give him their support. Partisanship undoubtedly had much to do with the solid vote of the Democrats against Vare. But this is to be expected in any political assembly. What is impressive is that at times and under circumstances where politics are eliminated, men divide as though automatically upon the basis of character and ideals. Borah's moral sense is as clear as the sun at noon-day. No compass-needle points more unerringly to the north than the mind of Borah to the right. The notorious Bingham, on the other hand, apparently has no moral sense at all. His blind spot is in his conscience. Birth, education, travel, social contacts have all failed to give him understanding of the deeper and higher things of life. So these men, and all like them on either side, fly instantly apart whenever a moral issue, like an electric discharge, creates negative and positive poles. And this is the reason, we take it, why men are still important in the world. Economic, political, social forces count for much—for more than most of us even yet are willing to concede. Let a Great War come along, and we see at once how these impersonal forces, long generated in the wombs of time, catch up men, and even nations, and whirl them like chips before a storm. But even in those days, as Ludwig so dramatically shows us in his "July '14," one *man* in Europe might have altered destiny. Yes, men still count among the determining forces of the world—those men, at least, who have conscience and a will.

We have been reading the stories and looking at the pictures of the return of the bodies of the seventy-five American soldiers killed on the Archangel expedition against Russia in 1918, and feel a nausea in the region of the stomach and a burning in the region of the heart. Frankly, it makes us sick to read of the ceremonies pulled off by pious hypocrites in receiving the remains of these innocent boys murdered by a lawless government in a "war," never sanctioned nor sus-

tained by American public opinion, against the Soviets. Look at the flags draped over these coffins, and the flowers laid before them! Behold these fat, prosperous politicians standing smugly with uncovered heads! And listen to these words of unctuous prayer spoken by chaplains who insult the cross by lending it to the business of the sword! What would these murdered boys say to all this sickening stuff, if they could rise from their coffins and have their lives again? Would they find flags and flowers, patriotism and prayers, fair recompense for the years snatched from them by obscene hands of a government that has no better business than the murder of its own citizens? This is where the sickness at the stomach begins to change into a burning at the heart. What do we do in war? We take our sons, the best we have, and send them off to kill and to be killed. Turn them into butchers —and the victims of butchers! Then, to hide the horrid nature of what we do, we cover up the blood with beauty, and the groans with music, and the crime of it all with religion, and think what good citizens and pious Christians we are. And in this case, the Russian expedition of 1919, we didn't even have the excuse of war. We just took these soldiers, who had to obey or be shot, and sent them off on a free-booting raid into an unoffending land. And we talk about them as having died in defense of their country and in the glory of arms. *Faugh!* We had rather be an honest murderer and die in the electric-chair, than one of these snivelling apologists for war who uses dead soldiers as an excuse for patrioteering publicity.

There is a popular legend in New York that, in the days when Governor Fuller, of Massachusetts, was appointing the Lowell Committee to consider and advise upon the Sacco-Vanzetti case, somebody asked Governor Smith what he would do if he were in Fuller's place. According to the story, "Al" replied that he did not know, as he was not familiar with the facts in the famous murder trial. "But," he is reported to have said, "I'll be d—d if I would 'pass the buck' to a Committee. I would decide the case myself." This tale may well be apocryphal, but it has the true "Al" Smith ring. Whatever his faults and failings in other directions, the New York Governor had courage, and he never dodged responsibility. Would that Governor Young, of California, were of the same stripe! With the Mooney case in his hands now for months, Young has consistently hesitated, delayed, backed and filled, and now has taken example of Governor Fuller. Faced by Billings' petition for pardon, added to that of Mooney's, he has passed this issue up to the California Supreme Court. Unwilling to free Mooney, though every impartial witness believes him innocent, he has fallen back upon his Pardon Board and asked its members to advise him. In both cases we have shrewd devices for evading responsibility for decision. In both cases, also, we believe the chances are good for the release (after all these years) of both imprisoned men. But it is our conviction all the same that Governor Young has missed a glorious opportunity to prove himself a *man*. Curious that political leaders should so miss these opportunities! No man yet ever acted boldly and freely in the interest of justice as he saw it, but what the people rallied to him in glad acclaim. But weaklings cower in unnecessary fear, and thus connive at injustice lest they themselves be injured. Had there been an ounce of courage in the California executive chamber at any time in the last dozen years, Mooney and Billings would be free today.

The Eternal Christmas

The festival and spirit of Christmas belong to the entire human race. Every race and every religion has attempted to state through the medium of poetry, symbolism and allegory, what it felt was the truth concerning our common life. It is impossible for the mind of man to apprehend abstract truth; hence its constant use of symbols, metaphors and poetry to express the meaning of its feelings and the convictions of its mind.

Christmas is a festival of poetry, revealing in symbol what the heart feels and the mind believes. The truest interpreters of life are not the philosophers and theologians, but the poets; for they interpret the august hidden Reality at the heart of things in such a way that the simplest mind may understand, and the most longing heart may find assurance.

Long before the mind of man began its ceaseless search for an answer to the baffling riddle of life's meaning, the heart felt there was something in this world, greater than physical force that regulated the tides and seasons, which somehow enchanted this life of his. In response to this feeling every race and every religion developed its symbols, its legends, its festivals to express in concrete form a truth which all men felt was at the heart of the universe.

After many ages with their crude attempts, came the Christian story with its beautiful symbolism of a babe born in a manger, as if to link the highest with the lowest; predicating a great future with simple beginnings; weaving as it does a tapestry of star-light and stable straw—a blend of the common place and divine. Here is the epic story of human life, told in the most soulfully poetic manner. In this simple story we are told that our human life has been visited by God; touched from above, and thus forever haunted with divinity.

How much more entrancing this story is for us of

the west than the one of Balder and the Oak Tree; of Astarte and her god-born son, Mithra; of Mayadevi the princess who bore Buddah in a royal garden under a satin-tree; of Amena who brought forth Mohammed on a desert under cover of a dark Arabian night; of the Hanukah in Judaism with its seven candles, each lighted on successive days, to signify the increase of light and strength; of the Druids and their mistletoe as a symbol of virginity combined with divinity. These all belong to our groping race in its desperate desire to tell the story of how God fused himself with the hopeless, helpless life of man.

The belief, nay more, the certain feeling, that God has incarnated himself in this mortal life of ours, is the truth which the Christmas poetry of every race and religion seeks to make vivid to the mind of man. When, therefore, we are prone to grow cynical about human nature because we imagine there is nothing good, noble or sublime about our jostling, blustering, blundering humanity, we shall indeed do well to remember that humanity has ever felt itself to be the living incarnation of the eternal God.

Moreover, we need to remind ourselves that the Christmas story is only the prologue to the great drama mankind is playing. What the final scene will be when the evening stars draw their silvery curtain, depends entirely upon how consistently we live as though our individual lives are the medium through which God is working out His great plan of the ages—a happy, joyous, peaceful family, wherein we do good for the joy of the doing, and bring happiness because it makes life more livable for others, here and now! Such a conception makes for A Merry Christmas!

W. Waldemar W. Argow.

Jottings

American Legion convicts, temporarily sojourning in Sing Sing Prison, want to organize there a Legion Post. Personally, we can think of nothing more appropriate and fitting than a Post of the American Legion in Sing Sing Prison. It sounds to us just right!

A couple, recently married in an aeroplane, jumped from the flying machine in parachutes and landed safely. Is this to be taken as a parable of how quickly a bride and groom tumble to earth after the marriage ceremony?

Senator Couzens declares that you can't outlaw war any more than you can prohibit liquor. Good! This puts these two great reforms just where they belong—namely, together. We happen to believe that both can be done, and are being done. The "wets" are as much behind the times as the militarists. And vice versa!

President Hoover's inheritances from Mr. Coolidge are pretty terrible. First, the Farm Relief quarrel; secondly, the non-recognition of Russia; and now Haiti. Nothing can be much worse than Haiti. But blame the man who got us in, not the man who is trying to get us out.

When the automobile was something new, automobilists invariably togged themselves out in leather caps, goggles, dusters, and other elaborate costume paraphernalia. Now that automobiles are common, and everybody has one, automobilists dress like other folks. The same thing is true of aeroplanes. Few people fly, and those that do fly wear goggles, ear-caps, helmets, coats which are a sight for the gods. When aeroplanes get more numerous, and more people fly, the aviator, like the automobilist, will dress like a civilized being. What we have in the one case as in the other is *exhibitionism*.

We constantly hear people complaining about bad coffee. We never in our life drank a cup of coffee which did not taste precisely like every other cup. We wonder—is it possible to make bad coffee? Or is it *all* bad?

J. H. H.

"Then Felt I Like Some Watcher of the Skies."

A star, you say?
Oh, yea!
A star of love and light
That rose in Nazareth that far-off time!
And, piercing earth's dull night,
Lured selfishness away,—made brotherhood sublime.

Before that day?
Oh, yea!
Rare souls of inward flame
From age to age resplendent rose and gleamed,
Uplifting human aim,
Illumining with gold man's skies that gruesome seemed.

Earth still is gray?
Oh, yea!
But stars of love and life
Still rise wherever noble souls aspire,—
Transfiguring hate and strife,
Redeeming sordid earth with their exalting fire.

Strive we as they?
Oh, yea!
Be each a luring orb,
With rays outflashing for poor human eyes,
Till love all wrong absorb,
And 'round the illumined earth Good Will indeed arise.

James H. West.

The Tiger

Few things tempt to cynicism more than those messages exchanged between the Great Ones of the earth when death has reduced one of their number to the common level. Clemenceau's forked tongue could be so apt that it would be almost worth while having him back if we could hear his comments on his own obituaries.

His witticisms were as famous as they often were ferocious; one can hear his chuckling;—"Poincaré knows everything and understands nothing, Briand knows nothing but understands everything." And there they are, the industrious pedant who can speak for days with the help of innumerable documents, and the honey-toned psychologist, charming the same crowd in an hour without a note and often without a fact! Wilson is proposing fourteen points they tell Clemenceau, "Fourteen! Why Almighty God only had ten!" Later when the delays of the Peace Conference were complained about he said, "What could I do? Placed as I was between Lloyd George who thought he was Napoleon and Wilson who fancied himself Jesus Christ." But if he enjoyed compressing the characters of others into a phrase it was an American, Page, who summed him up most aptly when he said, "Clemenceau had one illusion,—France, and one disillusion—the whole human race."

He was born in the Vendee, still one of the most reactionary corners of France but at the time of his birth in 1841 a stronghold of fanatical Royalism. Brought up an atheist and in his youth ostracised for it by his Catholic neighbours, he remained to the end an uncompromising anti-clerical. He became a doctor of medicine because that was the only profession open to a non-believer at that time in his part of the country. He terminated his medical studies in Paris and then went to the United States, whence he did not return until after the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 had begun. But once back in Paris he lost no time; he became Mayor of a semi-revolutionary Montmartre where he served his popularity by opening a free clinic for the sick poor with himself as physician. Soon after he was in Parliament sharpening his claws on Gambetta and his plans for the revision of the Constitution, which, with the help of the extreme Right, he did much to defeat on the ground that the revision did not go far enough. Jules Ferry sought to distract France from thoughts of a war of revenge on Germany by expanding her colonial Empire. Clemenceau was *revanchard* and Ferry was brought down. That whetted his appetite and during the following years ministry after ministry fell under his attacks, either from his seat in Parliament or from his editor's chair or both, and he never hesitated to kick the fallen. When a friend spoke to him of the different Cabinets he had laid low he replied: "It is an exaggeration, they were always the same." That was not true for it mattered little to him whether the ministry were bent on reform or reaction, it was the destruction he revelled in, he became the apostle of negation. It is curious to think that it is in part to Clemenceau that the Egypt of today owes her independence. Freycinet wished to join with England in the Egyptian adventure but his Government was destroyed by Clemenceau and France was never again on equal terms in Cairo. Had she become so it is unlikely that a Labor Government of 1929 would be proposing Egypt as member of the League of Nations.

From wrecking Cabinets Clemenceau proceeded to destroy Grèvy, the President. His list of victims grew, past and fore-doomed; so did his enemies but for that he cared nothing, he felt no need for affection, pity and sentiment he despised as weakness, hatred and violence were his chosen means of communication with his fellows. When his unpopularity became too great he took ship and traveled for a time, but though one of the few French politicians to venture outside his own country he never got beyond the baby stage in nationalism. Countries were personified in his mind, he rather liked "the English," hated "the Germans," to most others he was indifferent.

In office the Arch-Radical, self-willed, ungenerous, intolerant of all but his own wishes, became, as was inevitable, a reactionary dictator suppressing strikes with the bayonet or the rifle as at Denain in 1906 and Villeneuve St. Georges in 1907, and he became the fiercest enemy of the Labor Movement and Trade Unionism.

In 1912 Poincaré, with the help of Isvolsky and Russian money, defeated Clemenceau's candidate, Pam, for the Presidency and earned his hatred thereby. Many are the stories of the indignities to which the President was subjected when, by sheer force of will power and ruthless attack, Clemenceau had forced himself to the Premiership. But the man who habitually snubbed Foch into silence when the Marshal ventured a political opinion, was not likely to stand any nonsense from Poincaré!

The one creditable episode in his career was his furious championship of Dreyfus during the famous Affair, but though he may have done even more than Zola to obtain that victory, even there he was actuated by antipathy to the militarists rather than by sympathy for their victim. The milk of human kindness seems to have formed no part of his make-up, he had only one belief—that of the survival of the fittest, and he recognized only one law, that of the jungle. His contempt for his fellow creatures was lightened by no pity for their weakness and he had no admiration to spare for the eternal miracle of their courage in just keeping on. There is a tradition that he was the descendant of a Mongol straggler from one of the invasions of a thousands years ago and indeed the strangeness of his character, his passion for Oriental antiques and curios, even his appearance tempt to speculation on the possibility of atavism! His indifference to life, whether his own or others, the subservience of his intellect to passion and prejudice, his complete lack of chivalry and the apparent dissimilarity of his nervous system to that of other westerners mark him as unique among the prominent men of his time.

There can be no doubt that it was the combination of these qualities which put him into power in 1917, he stuck at nothing and promised heads right and left to gain his end. No "patriotic" scruples prevented him from assailing all and sundry who were in power in the first years of the war, his paper was suppressed by the military censor because of its effects on discipline, but, true to his belief that you could always get what you wanted if you were "méchant" enough, he reached his goal just in time to flog France back to action when demoralization was sapping the Army in the Spring of

1917 and fifteen divisions were in revolt. How many men were killed to quell that mutiny the world will never know but the victory carried Clemenceau to Versailles, where he and his young colleague Tardieu were responsible for all the worst features of the most destructive "peace" in history.

For all his half century of activity in the public eye, Clemenceau was a failure except in war. As a peacetime Minister he was a disaster and it was due to him that the progressive movement which showed promise in France after the Dreyfus Affair was snuffed out. Possessed of a genius for destructive criticism he could only succeed when destruction was the sole business of "civilization" and the events of the period were such as could but serve to confirm him in the inhumanity of his philosophy. For him there were no illusions about the aims or "justice" of the war, all that France needed to be supreme was to be strongest in arms and to remain so, he was no statesman and but a poor psychologist though a good judge of character. In the last days of July, 1914, they threw open a window and bid him listen to the crowds cheering for war: "The geese welcoming the paté-de-fois-gras man," he cackled.

He terminated his public career by a defeat which, publicly, he accepted with dignity. In 1920 he was candidate for the Presidency, so cleverly had he camouflaged his ambition that even today he is said to have been urged to do so. Not a bit of it! At eighty years of age and the height of his first brief popularity he felt as sure of his ability to be the dictator of peace time as he had been of his indispensability in war. The other candidate was the tremulous Deschanel whom he despised.

But Clemenceau was defeated, by the secret ballot, by his countless enemies and by some who had cause to fear that his rough threats, indiscreetly uttered, might be carried into effect upon themselves. One day perhaps that dramatic episode will be written as I have heard it told. The scene at the Luxembourg where all declared loudly that their choice was, of course, Clemenceau, but where all, or nearly all, voted for Deschanel! The amazed silence which followed the announcement of the count, and then the trembling little group which later came to where the fierce old tyrant awaited the news of his victory. When the incredible was blurted out his cane smashed down on the table splitting the marble top, one unprintable word was hurled at the scared "colleagues," and then Georges Clemenceau blundered out of public life.

HARRISON BROWN.

The Negroes' Adventure for Democracy

Who are they that seek this democracy? Their name is legion; from the ends of this great republic, with a cherished hope, they seek liberation of mind, body and soul. Eleven million strong they stand before the bar of justice, praying, even fighting for freedom; physical freedom from peonage and serfdom; mental freedom from ignorance; political freedom from disfranchisement; industrial freedom from starvation wages and social freedom from insults. They wish to vindicate a name stigmatized during the history of the advent and struggles of their forefathers in America.

The Negroes' shackles were not removed by emancipation; for the evils of slavery were not to be fully eradicated by legislative acts. The demon, Prejudice, stood in the way of the Negro. Segregation and Jim-Crowism now became the pets of his former owners. Maltreatment in public was a frequent occurrence. He was lynched on the least provocation by mobs. No matter what the Negro did, there was only one cause; criminal assault. The southern white man was jealous of his women, but it never seemed to have occurred to him that the Negro man, a human being, was just as desirous for the protection of the honor of the Negro women. When a criminal assault took place, one side only was heard in the newspapers. It has never been mentioned that in many instances a white woman has lured an ignorant colored man into her confidence for her own satisfaction, and when she has been caught the Negro is charged with criminal assault. The result of this is, that he is not tried in court, but is lynched by a group of people who do not practice what they preach.

Since emancipation, the Negro has tried hard to adjust himself to this ever-changing environment. To meet this change, the white friends of the Negro gave vast sums of money for his education. Schools were erected over the entire South; industrial training was stressed. Out of this movement came Booker T. Washington, whose achievement in helping the Negro to economic independence will never be forgotten. This type of training served its usefulness; it is yet to be recommended for those whose natures and adaptability lie in that particular field of education. It would be foolish to say of the Negro, however, that only one type of training should be given him. His capacity for a broader appreciation of knowledge is demonstrated. The Negro will not be satisfied until he has made his contribution through the various fields of knowledge to this great civilization which belongs to no particular race. Every year, there is an increased sentiment toward this view by the leading Negro institutions of learning.

There are many Southerners who discourage education for Negroes. If they are at all disposed to give him better facilities for such a purpose, it is always on the condition that his training shall be along industrial lines. It is quite evident, in many instances, that as long as the Negro stays in his place, that is to pose as a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, he can have peace and a certain degree of happiness. Let a Negro feel the thrill of a new life, a desire for literary attainment, a craving for culture and refinement, he receives but scant sympathy and little help from his southern white friends. The Negro, whose intellectual, aesthetic and moral nature is trained, has a broader outlook on life. There are some who would shut the door of progress in the face of every aspiring Negro and condemn him to a servile position. Fortunately, however, the day is saved, for the new Negro thinks for himself and is now laying a broader educational program for posterity.

The political adjustment of the Negro has ever lent a degree of interest to those concerned. For fifty years the Negro has knocked repeatedly at the bar of justice, demanding equality before the law. Bravely, with fortitude, he has stood before the law of this

land, his cherished home, facing the unspeakable. Why? Because his conviction is that of America's most noble patriot, who with righteous indignation, cried out to the world that *"All men are created equal."* It is true that the political ingenuity of the South, whose leadership, in many instances, has delayed the realization of this immortal truth, has yet to receive a broader application. In spite of the tactics of fraud, intimidation and murder, the Negro has succeeded, with the aid of fair-minded white men in obtaining important political offices, where he has proven himself capable of serving his home and country and of making contributions to perpetuate its noblest ideals. His privileges as a private, peaceful and loyal citizen have been denied him, not only in the South, but in other sections of the country. Take for instance, the grandfather clause, which provides that descendants of men who could vote before the Civil War should be exempted from certain restraints in political activities. One can readily see how unfair this would be to the Negro.

There is an old adage that man by the sweat of his brow shall earn his bread. The maxim may be rightly applied to the Negro from his advent to the shores of America up to the present time. His flights of attainment and contributions to the success of America's industrial life were due to his toiling in the night of America's history. As Negroes attained to the standards of skilled labor, new adjustments had to be made. Their range of industrial activity widened. As a result, jealousy stood between them and freedom of opportunity. Peonage and serfdom overtook the unfortunate Negro, and nailed him to a life of servitude. The Negro who accumulated any great amount of wealth had to leave the South in many instances. He found it necessary to go to another part of the country and start all over again and make new adjustments. After the war, a new day dawned. The Negro left the home of his birth, the scene of his childhood and the possessions which he dearly cherished; to the North and West he came, where his labor was in great demand. He had caught a clearer vision of his aspiration. When settled, he sent for Mother, Father, Sister, Brother and a host of other relatives to taste of a forbidden fruit. Little did he know that his emigration was to bring about a maladjustment of his industrial problem. Congestion and overcrowding occurred in the cities to which the colored worker came. Little was done to alleviate conditions. When a Negro moved into a white section, his life was threatened, his home burnt, his windows were broken, spite fences were built by his white neighbors and riots ensued. In addition to this handicap, in many places Negro laborers were turned off. Those who retained their positions faced an unpleasant problem; for they were refused admittance into white labor unions; they were, moreover, used to break strikes; this, well-meaning colored leaders advised them not to do, in spite of their handicaps. Immediately, antagonism was brought about between white labor unions and unorganized colored workers. Where opportunity has been shut off in one direction, he has sought and found it in other channels. Today, he has set himself up independently in different kinds of business, where success in a comparatively short space of time has been his reward. Yes, the *Christian Educator,* for February, 1925, has well stated,

> With their brawn and brain, they, (the Negroes) have aided materially in the building of American institutions and ideals. Through long years of toil, Negroes have been well prepared for the arduous labor of the future and from the practical experience thus gained, their race is likely to become eventually one of the most potent factors in American industrial life.

The social adjustment of the Negro has been a difficult one. The South has made its grand contribution to the social ills of the Negro. It has made him, in many instances, an undesirable character by denying him wholesome environment, a development of his mental and cultural nature. The result of this is that he has turned his face to the North and to the West, where he hopes his children will absorb that which has been denied him. A third of a million have left to wend their way to an uncongenial North and West. His new environment, however, has an advantage over the South with its past history of infamous discrimination, of needless harsh treatment, of unequal administration of justice, of poor wages grudgingly paid, of mob rule, of lynching and burning.

An important question is that of the white man's superiority in this country. There are two statements to be made concerning this issue. In the first place, this country belongs to no particular race. It was saved from the tyranny of Great Britain and preserved when its sacred institutions were harrassed by men of many races. Its lead among other nations of the world, rests upon the fact that the brain and brawn of its sons, drawn from many parts of the world, made its success possible. Another important issue is the cry of social equality. Equality, in this sense is a relative term. There are intelligent colored people who can measure up socially with any other cultured person, and to this fact, many white men and women can testify. The majority of them in the South especially will not admit their conviction. They would rather take the road of least resistance and say: "All Negroes are the same." This is an infamous propaganda to set up a false psychology for the promotion of race superiority.

Charles M. Melden, a very honest and upright Southern white man, says, in his book entitled, "From Slave to Citizen," that

> . . . there is the same variety among Negroes that we find among other people. They differ in appearance, in color, in degree of civilization, in temperament, in mental attainment and ability, in morals and religion as do other races. (He adds further,) It is poor business for a race affecting superiority to spend its time in exploiting the faults of an inferior race.

Most intelligent people who study the race question from a scientific point of view, have already been convinced that there are no superior or inferior races, but that there are backward and advanced races. Alan Locke, in his syllabus on "Race Contacts and Interracial Relations" made the following statement:

> With the development and education of a higher type of social consciousness, the "race type" blends into the "civilization type."

Race progress and racial adjustment must achieve this end, and whatever theory and practice makes toward it, is sound; whatever opposes or retards, is false. The South and the short-sighted people of all groups, must come up to this level, if they are to appreciate the best in life. The Negroes' adventure for democracy has not been in vain; for it is founded on an unshakeable faith that right will ultimately win through his own efforts and those of his white friends, who are, and who have always been, sensitive to the

will of God and the value and worth of human personality. The Negro has sought and in a measure, has found the road that leads to the place where he, like the other races of America, can develop his powers, and help to enrich this great civilization with his unique contributions. In this way, he hopes to be able to take his place in the great human family, the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man."

LUTHER MARION FULLER.
Tufts College, Massachusetts.

Youth and the World

I.

Co-Operation By All

We are told that the youth of today have a new inspiration for the upbuilding of the world. It is always in the young that the world's hope lies. And certainly there is great need, in this baldly scientific age of ours, for the boon of encouragement and inspiration, whether proffered by young or old; a greater need, perhaps, than ever before.

No especial reference is here intended to recent apparent deterioration in character among officers of government and among managers of monopolistic trusts; such deflections are of but temporary significance and in time will be overcome. Beyond transient political shortcomings and commercial exploitation, deplorable as these are, there are mightier problems of life by far; perennial problems, few if any of which have ever been answered. And today, through advance in the world's knowledge and research, there are a multitude of supreme problems added to all that have gone before. We now have not only "riddles of death Thebes never knew," but a thousand fresh riddles of life, of existence right here on the earth, that grow more and more perplexing every year as proffered answers to them fail.

What a mighty hope for the world filled the souls of forward-looking men at the time of the French Revolution! How poets in England and world-patriots in America rose and thrilled and sacrificed in response! But it is brain, not bloodshed, that must bring the world its satisfying good. Towards the end of the recent shambles which we now call the Great War, what another mighty burst of hope ran around the earth, penetrating, we are told, even into the middle of African deserts and South American mountain-ranges. Justice was at last to be done on earth, war was to end, nations were to live each for each, selfishness was to be no more. The Arab at his tent door on Sahara prostrated himself in praise and thanksgiving, murmuring over and over in exultant gratitude one or another of the ninety and nine beautiful names of Allah—"*Al-Wahâb,* 'The Bestower of Good'! *Ar-Raheem,* 'The Compassionate One!'" while the equally pious Christian, in the shadow of Chimborazo on the other side of the globe, raised similar hozannas to God the All-merciful, who at last had brought blessing to man. "Adoremus! Adoremus!"

The majesty and intensity of those days of great hope, ten years ago, were exceeded only by the depth of the disillusion which followed. The Sahara nomad lifted himself from his prayerful prostration on the desert sand, sprinkled dust on his head, wept a moment to think he had been so imposed on by that queer jargon of foreign peace-words which after all had meant nothing, and urged his camels on as aforetime; and the Ecuador worshiper, among his lonely South American foot-hills, fasted one meal-time each day for a week to save a centavo for another candle for the shrine of his favorite saint, who next year or the year after would perhaps be able, up yonder in paradise, to turn God's great heart again to pity. Poor, yearning, stumbling, patient, prayerful, trustful humanity!—how shall you be directed aright! Who shall show you it is yourself must break your chains!

But there is even now no despair. Man is so made as to rise from his every stumbling. Discord indeed arose in place of the harmony looked for. Trouble on trouble came, in place of world-triumph. But at least we now see where the mistake lay. Justice was not present after all. Selfishness and fear still ruled. Above all, there was the error of the ages over again: individuals and nations failed to co-operate. The whole world was concerned in the outcome—a few prejudiced and domineering individuals dictated that which should be. Seeing and understanding this, the soul of man again rises, superior to the Great Failure, so that now, after these years of clarification, all around the earth, from Massachusetts to Matabeleland, one increasing purpose runs in the hearts of mankind's real patriots, to bring about, even yet, for the world, that possible good for which it waits. The deeper soul of man, resurgent once more in the youth of today, knows no downright pessimism—nor ever will.

And the sought good is not a chimera. Men individually have but to conceive the idea, then to speak and exchange the word, then highly to resolve, then faithfully to do, and the Commonwealth of Man will come. The great word always is Co-operation. No single human being has to, or can, save the whole world. No Napoleon or Lenin, no Washington or Lincoln, no Hoover or Gandhi even, can do that. It has been endeavored in frequent ages and in many lands—in India of old time, and in India now again; in China, in Arabia, in Judea, in America—everywhere. But it has always failed. Single leaders can inspire; the seers, the poets, sometimes even a statesman, can inspire, can teach, can show the way. But none of them alone, nor all of them together, can save the world. There must be co-operation; the co-operation of all, of every son and daughter of man. Where leaders alone, in church or government or society, are looked to and solely depended on, failure always comes. The necessity is co-operation by all.

Are MacDonald and Hoover to fail? Is Briand to fail? Is Gandhi to fail? It remains for the people of the earth, as a whole, to say. We do well to look to youth for the inspiration the world needs.

JAMES H. WEST.

A European Prison

[From Our Special Correspondent]

Ilova is a small country town lying amidst beautiful scenery, with hills and woods in the distance. The Prison, which dominates the town, lies on a little hill above the river and plain, and commands lovely views from many of the cells. It was originally built as a fortress in 1443, and tradition has it that King Matthias Corvinus lived there at times. Later it became a Jesuit monastery, and only in 1855, under the former Hungarian regime, did it become a convict prison for males. Prisoners are sent there from twenty years old and upwards, and the sentences vary from one year or more to a life-sentence. On the day of my visit 294 men were imprisoned there, but there is room for 750.*

Prisoners enter this prison as members of a 1st Division. Here they serve the first third of their sentences, living each man in a single cell in the usual prison-like block of cells. If conduct is satisfactory, the men enter the 2nd Division for the second-third of their sentences, when the prisoners live in large communal rooms in the ancient part of the building, each room accommodating five, ten, twenty or thirty prisoners. For the last third of their sentences the men live in another section of the building, in communal association with other 3rd Division prisoners, and wear another kind of prison dress of dark cloth. The old rooms are beautiful in architecture, with artistic moulded ceilings, great windows, well aired and sunny, and looking out on to gardens, plains and distant hills.

The men can earn and wear one or two red stripes for good conduct, and these they show the visitor with evident pride. Those with two stripes are allowed to receive one visitor, write once, and receive all letters sent to them, every two weeks. The present director is a priest, and I found all the staff interested in their work and in the men. They were specially proud (and rightly so) of the industrial side of the Institution.

The main industry is carpentry and is under the management of a Works Director from a firm in Vienna. The men are very skilled and make garden chairs, tables, mirror-frames, trays, boxes, etc. It seems to be a flourishing industry, and the men appeared happy and at ease at their labours. After greeting us, they quietly went on with their jobs. There was less Institutional atmosphere than is customary in prisons. It was just as if one were visiting a private factory in some town. The men earn from five to ten Heller an hour from the prison authorities, but the Vienna firm also pays for skilled work, and the Works Director said that some men earned thirty to forty Kronen a week extra. Over 200 men worked in this Department and the workshops were up-to-date and healthy.

There were other small workshops for machinery, shoes, clothing, etc., necessary for the Institution itself. Some of the men in the last period of their sentence work in a large garden.

The men work the usual eight hours daily, and in the large exercise yard are free to converse during their exercise hour. The invalids are sent to the hospital at the Leopoldov prison, which is an easy and direct journey by train. The prisoners as a whole looked healthy and strong.

The kitchen was very modern and the dietary good. There was a good large bathroom. I learned the laundry was sent to Leopoldov prison, thus reducing the state expenses. There is a good library, and I saw many prisoners in the exercise yard carrying books in their hands ready for reading later in the evening.

The director took me into the schoolroom, and I saw maps and instruction-charts on the walls as I learned there were forty-six men who had been unable to read and write. A choir and orchestra were practising when I entered, and they sang and played exceedingly well.

The prisoners go to their cells or rooms at 6 p. m., and till 9 p. m. they may read. Those in the large rooms may also speak. As I left the railway station after 8 p. m., all the cells and rooms were lit up and the building looked like a great hotel.

There were punishment cells, on the ground floor, but they were not damp nor cold. I saw one man in irons who had tried to escape, and one in a dark cell who had struck another prisoner violently. Both were allowed mattresses to sleep on if they behaved. I spoke quite freely with one, a young man of about 21. Thirty-eight men are in the prison on life-sentences for murder.

The main interest in Ilova prison is the obvious desire to carry on a system of reformation, and not merely of punishment. There was a marked atmosphere of mutual understanding between officials and prisoners.

The men who can be improved in morale are kept separate from the hardened criminals, and are allowed to mix together in the large rooms. The worst cases are kept rigorously in separate cells.

I have rarely visited a prison where I felt, in spite of our modern Prison Law Regulations and Institutions, that here was a system calculated to humanize, to improve and to fit for citizenship the raw material that passed in and out.

FREDERICK HANKINSON.

Buda-Pest, Hungary.

*Contrast with American conditions of overcrowding as revealed in recent prison revolts.—Editor.

Personality

You say there's nothing new in this wide world
Where men write down their hopes and fears and doubts;
Create again their faiths and pierce once more
The sky, with spires of temples to their gods;
Exulting sing their songs of praise and hope;
'Till life and doubt once more exert their sway
And lay another culture in its grave.
There's nothing new in thought and deed that lacks
A birth before our time! Perhaps it's true!
Yet I am new and never lived till now!
What will you do with me?

HOMER LEWIS SHEFFER.

Trumpets on New Horizons

Christmas Prayer

Let Christmas not become a thing
Merely of merchants' trafficking,

Of tinsel, bell and holly wreath
And surface pleasure, but beneath

The childish glamor let us find
Nourishment for soul and mind.

Let us follow kinder ways
Through our teeming human maze

And help the age of peace to come
From a dreamer's martyrdom.

MADELINE MORSE.

Farmer's Wife

Over and over the daily grind!
Dishes to wash, and eggs to find,
The beds to make, the floors to mop,
Economize, and never shop.

Over and over the weekly grind!
Washing to do, the clock to wind,
The clothes to press, then mend, and bake,
We do without, and stint and scrape.

Over and over the monthly grind!
Bills to be paid, and far behind—
We can not take the magazines
And read about the kings and queens.

Over and over the yearly grind!
Back in my dull subconscious mind
I wait the tune I always hear,
"Old Santa Claus is poor this year".

MARY CAMERON COBB.

There Shall Be New Songs

There will always be songs:
when the hearts of men are saddest
under the bludgeons of oppressors,
under the lash of masters,
under the threat of fire and steel
new songs come
to lift the courage of men.

The righteous have slain the gods,
they have broken the wine jars,
they have forbidden love.
Yet like smoke out of the ruins
songs rise
to keep alive the old joy under the long sorrow.

Song is mighty and deathless:
though the righteous drive men with whips to war,
though they break bodies and spirits in prison,
though they wield scorn that is stronger than guns and prisons,
song is stronger than all the strength of the righteous;
they can not shatter song.

Still in the darkness men dream
of ways of comradely living;
still in the dungeons they cry
for the life-giving bread of freedom;
still in the morass of tradition
they climb toward the light.
Still in their songs the vision
is luminous and alive. It speaks:

"There shall be peace and brotherhood,
there shall be no poverty and no riches.
Men shall speak what they will, and their altars
be free, and they shall be free who have none.
There shall be freedom to live and love and be peaceful
and there shall be new songs . . ."

CLIFFORD GESSLER.

The God Who Turns the Wheel

"The earth is sweet and shall we fight the dust?"
The priest spoke, hiding fear in timid eyes,
And if I come from earth, shall I not trust
Myself to Him who rules the seas and skies?"

The peasant sank his iron shovel deep,
And bowed beneath the burden of his toil.
He woke the frozen fields from winter sleep
And blessed with heavy wealth his master's soil.

And then he spoke with thunder of revolt,
"I am the god who turns the mighty wheel.
Without me all humanity will halt
In chains beneath the selfish master's heel.
I am the god whose strong and bloody cord
Upholds the crumbling altar of your lord."

WILLIAM E. PILLIN.

The Study Table

A Book of Prayers

It is commonly said these days that the idea of prayer has broken down. I do not believe that this is true. Prayer is fundamentally not a theological but a psychological matter, and whatever our changing theological beliefs, the psychological factors entering into the phenomenon of prayer, or aspiration, are the same as they have always been.

But if prayer has not broken down, the *language* of prayer has! It is the problem of words and phrases, of the verbal means of giving expression to the needs and desires that are just as truly within us today as in the saints of old, which constitutes the real problem before us. With the passing of the old idea of an anthropomorphic transcendental deity, there passed forever the mechanism of addressing this deity in the language of a petitioner before the throne of a king. With the coming of the new humanistic idea of the essential divinity of the universe and of the inner life of man, comes the call for a new mechanism of conscious communion with the whole of things. Men will continue to pray as they always have. But a new ritual of devotion, both for the single individual and for the group of individuals, must be wrought out.

In this book* by our beloved colleague, Dr. Walsh, leader of the Free Religious Movement in England, we have the result of a deliberate attempt to produce a new ritual of prayer for public worship which shall be expressive of the thought of intelligent religious men today. The one hundred prayers gathered in this volume are infinitely precious in themselves as the intimate expression of the inner spiritual life of a great, free, heroic soul. But their chief value, as I see it, lies in the contribution made to the solution of the problem of prayer in the humanistic religion of the future. These prayers have been used in the public services of the Free Religious Movement in London.

*"Lift Up Your Hearts," by Walter Walsh. Published by Williams & Norgate, Ltd., London, England.

They have there satisfied the needs and voiced the aspirations of a group of persons who are altogether delivered from the ancient dogmas and superstitions of Christianity. They are the prayers of modern men, for which no apology need be offered, and of which no explanation is necessary. It is thoughts like these, beautifully and reverently expressed in language like this, which will characterize the religion of men to come. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Riots in Palestine

Maurice Samuel has assembled documents of human value and of political significance in his study* on "What Happened in Palestine" in August, 1929. This timely compilation of historical material is in the nature of a felicitous rescue of facts which were being carried to oblivion in the flood of modern journalism, the usual aftermath of overabundant publicity. Sobriety and earnestness mark Mr. Samuel's statements, and differentiate his book from ordinary journalistic writing.

As history also his book is a variant from the norm. The historian unearths material more or less dead. He uses it in connection with subsequent events. He traces results back to their causes, even though in the telling he appears to do the reverse. Essentially, the writing of history is an exercise in hindsight. Outstanding moments that ought to be remembered are oft-time forgotten because they turned out to lie outside the direct line of historical causality. How many human upheavals are barely known even to the research student, outbursts of emotion and spiritual rebellion alongside of which a Boston Tea Party seems transitory excitement? No one knows with certainty whither the recent events of Palestine will lead. But it is not contrary to the Jewish tradition established in the Bible, to look forward, and sense the future as if it were all part of the present. Mr. Samuel's swiftly written book is not prophecy, but in its outlook it has hitched itself to a star. And history will tell whether or not the conscious will of the Jewish people shall have forged dreams into reality, or shall have been shattered by the brutal forces of human reality.

To the non-Jewish reader the first chapter of the book will prove interesting proportionately to his ignorance of Jewish psychological problems. It dwells on the individual adjustment of the author to a new environment. Those familiar with the setting will be impatient with the egocentricity of the intellectual exercises to which they are treated. Mr. Samuel's adjustment to life, whether in the East or whether in the West, is not pertinent to the book. Moreover, it will probably come as a shock to all readers to find that Mr. Samuel, who has drunk so deeply from the wells of Zionist salvation, still suffers a disruption of his inner self in adjusting his Western memories to Eastern dreams. Altogether the chapter is not free from the unhappy indications of a superiority complex, a failing we expect the Jews to lose in the renewed life in Palestine, together with its correlated inferiority complex.

To an even greater degree the same criticism may be applied to the subsequent chapter entitled "Group Problems." It is not in reality a presentation of "Group Problems" at all. The baldest statement of the multiple human, political and sociological problems of any one single group in Palestine would occupy more space than allotted to the chapter. Better not to state the problem at all than to state the Jewish problem only. Zionism as an ideal demands a broader outlook upon Palestinian problems. That Jews actuated by the highest ideals should need to learn such a lesson under the pall of bloodshed, is but another unnecessary proof of human frailty, a repetition of the millenial experience of the race that reached God through error and suffering and not through an easy dispensation of superiority and perpetual inspiration.

The book, properly speaking, begins with the third chapter with its direct analysis of recent events in Palestine. From "Provocation and Connivance" to the "Foundations of Peace," these events are traced with clear hand, discerning eye, and a fine sense of balance. The Zionist conviction of the author may color his ultimate outlook and inspire his profound optimism, but it does not alter the facts faithfully and truthfully transcribed in the book. The world is now familiar with the sorry tale of a screen, off and on used in Turkish days, forcibly removed from the pavement in front of the Wailing Wall, by Arab police under British orders, at the solemn hour marking the close of the Day of Atonement, September, 1928. Whether Mr. Keith-Roach, the Governor of Jerusalem, was an innocent victim of Arab agitators, or the ready exponent of a policy calculated to terrorize the British Home Government with the specter of a Moslem religious uprising, only Mr. Keith-Roach can tell. Had the march of events stopped with the irreverent and unbecoming rush to disturb the most stirring moment of Jewish religious consecration, no one would have cared to recall the ugly incident. The unhampered and provocative circulation of rumors about Jewish designs on the Mosque of Omar, the cries of Arab leaders, "The Government is with us," the freedom from police interference which massacre and pillage enjoyed, make the case of innocence a hard one to prove. Mr. Samuel leaves no doubt as to his own opinion, that British officials in Palestine were not the pacificators and intermediaries between all sections of the population that they should have been. To Mr. Samuel they seem the "agent provocateur" (p. 50) of the unrest and the excesses, cunningly tolerated according to "the use of a principle especially sacred to the Romans. . . . Divide and Rule." (p. 56.) It is the thesis of Mr. Samuel's book that the "British administrators in Palestine *do not care* (sic) for a complete rapprochement between Jews and Arabs . . . !"

That rapprochement nevertheless must come, and will come, through factors happily already at work in the Land. On the part of the Arabs, these pacts should be noted:

Large sections of the Arab population refused to be moved to action by the lying religious slanders of the Jerusalem Mufti and his coadjutators.

In Petach Tikvah, and Tiberias, the Arab calls to peace will remain as moving, heartening interludes of a tragic episode.

Everywhere, from Hebron to Safed, never to be forgotten examples of heroic protection and humane neighborliness on the part of many Arabs are cited alongside of the unspeakable savagery that marked the attacks by other Arabs upon the Jews.

The analysis of Jewish losses in an environment where they are outnumbered five to one, gives ample

*"What Happened in Palestine," by Maurice Samuel. The Stratford Co., Boston. $2.00.

"confirmation of the already firmly established belief that peace between the Jews and Arabs is more natural than is enmity." (p. 196.) On the part of the Jews:

> In the midst of pain and mourning, the official Jewish labor organ states: 'We say to ourselves and to others, in these hard days: The wild and cruel acts of certain Arab circles determine our relations to the authors of the acts, but do not determine our relations to the Arab people as a whole. . . . As we do not blame the English nation, and not even its Government, for the action of some of its officials in this country, so we dare not accuse the whole Arab nation of the wrong inflicted on us by Arab leaders and groups of murderers and robbers. The Arab losses in life are considerable too. In the Arab camp also there are widows, orphans, mothers who will never be comforted. . . .' (p. 215.)

Representing all the Jews of Palestine, the Jewish National Council "after touching on the provocations that had been offered to the Jews, and the crimes that had been committed against them, proclaims:

'1. The most important thing at this moment is to overcome our sorrow, master our feelings and energetically maintain the peace and the public discipline.

'2. We warn every member of the Jewish community to refrain from action of any kind which may be regarded as violence or revenge.

'Any act committed in defiance of this warning will be regarded as an act of treachery.'" (p. 208.)

The Jews have kept to that high resolve and therein is the seed for the fulfilment of Zionist ideals and Biblical prophecy. In the words of Mr. Samuel, Arab national feeling and consciousness is not a menace nor an obstacle to Jewish nationalism. The day when a true Arab nationalistic ideal will rise will be a happy one for the Jews. The shambles of wanton destruction will be forgotten, and Arab and Jew will work side by side for the redemption of Palestine from physical decrepitude and spiritual torpor. Not only Britain, but all the world may eagerly put a personal claim upon the outcome. To nations struggling to keep the peace, though separated from each other by mountains, rivers and seas, the struggle in Palestine is a significant one. Who knows to what heights man may reach when two nations within the self-same borders shall have learned to dwell together in peace?

TAMAR POOL.

The Old South

How the South came to be settled? Whence came the Negroes who were to be slaves on its plantations? What climatic and geographic peculiarities determined the systems which prevailed in the low-lying rice fields, in the Piedmont, in the Mississippi section, in Texas? These are a few of the many subjects which enter into the picture of the old South which Professor Phillips has drawn in his new and important book.*

All available contemporary diaries, personal letters as well as travel narratives and early newspapers, have yielded him rich material for drawing this picture. As one reads, it becomes clear not only that climate and geography played a determining part in Southern agriculture, but that invention, trade, even international affairs played their important part in the culture built upon slavery which was doomed to extinction.

Within slavery itself, as within almost any rigid institution, there were nevertheless infinite varieties of people and human relations. There are letters of planters, of overseers, even of slaves, to round out the story and though the horrors of slavery are not emphasized—that having been done in some cases as Professor Phillips thinks to the point of grotesque distortion—yet casual references to the lash, the separation of families on the auction block, establish its inhuman rigors.

His narrative is an attempt to cover all the territory that lay between life in a slave cabin and life in the most aristocratic planter's mansion. For those who would wish a dispassionate, clearly written and lively story of what life in the old South was like, this historic portrait of an epoch is to be warmly recommended. Pictures of surviving southern houses, dwellings of all sorts, and of scenes characteristic of the various sections of the South supplement the text.

Particularly detailed and illuminating is Professor Phillips's examination of the economics of southern life; with the essential financial unsoundness of the slave system plainly apparent, tying up capital in slaves which should have been free for productive enterprise, often dragging slave purchasers deeper and deeper into hopeless debt.

For those who have been mainly concerned with advancing the Negro's cause, this book of Professor Phillips, with its manifest fairness and patient scholarship, not without a sense of humor, will help to round out a period which has often been written about only in reference to its darkest and most inhumane practices.

HERBERT J. SELIGMAN.

*"Life and Labor in the Old South," by Ulrich Bonnell Phillips. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston. $4.00.

Human Labor

Everything that emanates from the pen of Dr. L. P. Jack is stimulating and scintillating both. This little book* is no exception. It is a plea for a new industrial morality in which man is enveloped as it were in harmonious relationship with society. If we all lived rationally there would be no quarrel between capital and labor.

But who is to define the rationalism according to which we must live? Is it to be John D. Rockefeller at Pocantic Hills, or "Al" Smith, or Ramsay MacDonald, new cabinet minister, once a taxi-driver?

It is not fair, however, to dismiss this book with such inadversions. Seriously one is handicapped by the fact that for all his cosmic outlook Dr. Jacks argues his case very largely from the English standpoint, and this makes much of it irrelevant to the American scene. It is reminiscent of William Morris and his school. Joy in artisanship and joy in pulpit work, etc., etc., etc.

It is not an outworn shibboleth, as many imagine, and it has never been given a fair trial. Our mechanistic machine age does not seem fruitful soil for the experimentation, but consideration of these aspects may nevertheless subserve our generation more than we can tell. The book is well worth earnest consideration.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

*"My Neighbor the Universe," by T. P. Jacks, DD., LL.D. Published by G. P. Putnam & Sons. $2.00.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE INDEPENDENCE OF INDIA LEAGUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The greatest problem of International life today is Peace. There can be no permanent peace without justice. Even, there should be no unjust Peace. Can the world survive half slave and half free, any more than a nation?

Peace is a problem in human psychology as much, but not more than it is an economic problem. Dissatisfied oppressed peoples and the implied opportunity of imperialistic exploitational jealousy is one of the chief causes of international disturbance. Economic rivalry caused by this opportunity to exploit less materially developed peoples, their natural resources, both as markets for raw materials and for manufactured goods brought about the last World War. The occasion was comparatively insignificant, and would have passed over without a great ado had the basic cause of conflicting interests been lacking.

The Peace of the World can not be secured by pious resolutions taking the form of Pacts of Peace. The basic cause must be removed if progress in this direction is to be founded in reality.

The Independence of India League feels that the question of World Peace will ever remain unsolved if the one-fifth of mankind residing in India is to be at the beck and call of British imperialism to participate, however unwillingly, in the Imperialistic ventures of that Empire.

Further, India's right to self-determination is a valid and inalienable right independent of its other effects on the World politics. By no action of the people of India and much less than that of the people of British Isles can this right be ever abrogated or forgone.

We make bold to say that no intelligent Indian, unhampered by British restraint would ever accept, in principle or practice, the right of the British Oligarchy in India to impose their will on the Indian people. At no time has this self-proclaimed right of the British Government in India remained unchallenged. No decade but has witnessed its riots, rebellions and open war on the British in some part of India or other.

Particularly in the last quarter century has the political turmoil been in the limelight. In all intelligent and wide awake sections of the world opinion India's struggle for Freedom from British oppression is a recognized chronic fact.

The purpose of the Independence of India League is simply to correlate the different phases of this seething turmoil, to interpret in modern terms for an intelligent and waiting world the progress of this struggle; and so far as it lies in its power, to so direct it that this great human movement may have the salutary effect of bringing true and lasting peace to the world.

The responsibility for this last, however, rests far more on the British people and their representatives than on the Indian people.

All history proclaims the right of oppressed nations to wrest from their oppressors their Liberty and Freedom at any and all costs. So far, may it be said with true humaneness, the people of India have used pacific and humane means. The insolence, the pride, the denseness and the total invulnerability of the British people and their representatives to the claims of fairness and reason however, is forcing the people of India to look to other means. Means that no oppressed nation at any period of human history has ever considered below its dignity, honor or humaneness to use. However, reluctantly but surely, India is turning in that direction.

The Independence of India League does not intend to stand in the way of India's independence by whatever means the people of India may choose to effect it.

Particularly in this great nation, the United States of America, it should not be difficult to find spiritual sons and daughters of the early fathers who may sympathize with this view. For is it not a proud fact that this Nation owes its existence to the insistence of the Founders to use all honorable means to compass their ends by the War of Independence of 1876?

To those who love Freedom—not only their own, but of all—there is an invitation, a call, a challenge in all struggles for human Freedom and the cause of one-fifth of mankind is to them the cause of all mankind. To these emancipated souls, East or West, we send our greetings for our cause is theirs.

Those who themselves free, desire not others' Freedom, have yet to learn what Freedom is and in the course of events will lose that which is not theirs by understanding and appreciation. To such we would only say, "Learn what is Freedom, so that you may retain it."

And in Life, there is a unity born of the similarity of purpose and ideals, and we thus find ourselves united to all lovers of human freedom, overcoming all geographical, national, racial and environmental obstacles and barriers.

We feel no hesitation, therefore, in asking of all who have hopes of a peaceful World and Lovers of Freedom to join hands with us to secure for India the right to self determination and Freedom.

Correspondence and contributions are invited.

—*Sher M. Quraishi.*

THE SPINNING WHEEL MOVEMENT IN INDIA

A Prize of $35,000 for a Spinning Wheel

The Council of the All-India Spinners' Association has decided to award a prize of $35,000 to the winner who will hand over to the Council a spinning wheel or a combination of spinning wheel and carder for cotton fulfilling the following conditions:

1. The spinning wheel should be handy in size and should be worked by hand or by foot, in an ordinary Indian village cottage.
2. It should be such as one woman may work at it for eight hours a day without undue strain.
3. It should be capable of utilizing hand-carded slivers or have attachments for carding.
4. The output of yarn should be 16,000 yards of 12 to 20 counts in eight hours' continuous working.
5. The machine should be such as can be made available in India at a price not exceeding $52.00.
6. The construction of the machine should be substantial and capable of being used, say, 20 years with occasional replacement of wearing parts. The replacement charges should be reasonable and may not exceed 5 per cent of the cost of the machine per year.
7. The competitors should deliver at their own cost at Sabarmati, India, their machines for examination on or before the 30th of October, 1930. The competitors may protect their machines for examination by patent during examination. The winner will have to transfer patent rights to the Council of the All-India Spinners' Association without reservation.
8. The judges shall be Mr. Satischandra Dasgupta of Khadi Pratishthan, Mr. Lakshmidas Purushottam, Technical Director, Swaraj Ashram, Bardoli, and Mr. C. Rajagopalchariar, Director, Gandhi Ashram, Tiruchengodu. In the event of disagreement between the judges, Mr. Gandhi shall be the referee and failing him, Mr. Shankerlal, Banker, Secretary, All-India Spinners' Association.

SO THIS IS CANADA

Under Government Control

Sales of liquor increase in every province. Ontario was said (by Premier Ferguson) to have spent for liquor under prohibition, $30,000,000; Ontario spends now, $49,000,000; Quebec during its first year of government control spent, $46,000,000; Quebec during its last year of government control spent, $69,000,000.

In Canada 1925-1928, per capita consumption of beer has increased 50%; hard liquor has increased 114%; wine has increased 200%.

Government control does not abolish the bootlegger. Vancouver *Sun* — "British Columbia is the bootlegger's heaven." Manitoba—Average number of convictions for breach of prohibition law during 7 years of prohibition, 607; number of convictions for breach of liquor act, 1,243. Ontario—During 1928 in the Toronto Police Court 1,909 persons were charged with breach of new liquor act. Quebec—Number of complaints of violation of liquor act, 1922, 2,929; number of complaints of violation of liquor act, 1928, 9,089.

Nor does government control decrease motor accidents. Comparing conditions in Ontario last full year under prohibition (1926) with first full year of government control (1928): Car registration increased, 25%; fatal motor accidents increased 60%*.

Government control of liquor plainly

*Issued by Provincial Plebiscite Committee, Halifax, N. S.

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